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## LUCIAN AND HIS TRANSLATORS

### I

One of the most important literary undertakings of our day is the publication of the *Loeb Classical Library*, which is planned to include "all that is best in Greek and Latin literature from the time of Homer to the fall of Constantinople." No enterprise of the kind has ever been conceived upon such a comprehensive and generous scale. It will do much to restore the waning prestige of the Ancient Classics, by making them easily accessible through an apparatus of text and translation unrivalled for convenience and completeness.

Of all the authors contained in this Series, few, if any, are so full of interest and entertainment for modern readers as Lucian of Samosata:—

"The sage who laughed the world away,  
Who mocked at gods and men and care;  
More sweet of voice than Rabelais,  
And lighter-hearted than Voltaire."

His life spanned the last three quarters of the second century, or the age of the Antonines. Though of humble origin in a remote city upon the upper Euphrates, he learned to write Greek with the grace and elegance of an Athenian.

Why his writings should attract readers of our own day is readily understood when we remind ourselves that "he was the first of the moderns," as the French critic, Constant Martha, calls him in *Les Moralistes sous l' Empire Romain*. In his type of mind, his practical way of looking at life, and his literary style he bears the unmistakable stamp of modernity. He possessed the genuine art of the story-teller and blazed a new path in literature, which many have followed since his time. Light literature, as we call it, the consummate flower of the literary development of the last two or three centuries, harks back to the second century, to Lucian as its *avant-coureur*, the pioneer in this form of literary expression. Dialogue, the soul, or central feature, around which the modern novel revolves, he was the first to use as the facile instrument of his own genius

after the fashion of the novelist of to-day. Hitherto it had been associated with philosophic gravity, as in the dialogues of Plato and Xenophon. But he stripped it of the sober dignity with which philosophy had clothed it, and made it the ready servant of rollicksome laughter and biting satire.

The quality of his thought, his literary methods and the spirit and temperament of the man himself have such a close affinity with theirs, that he has been called the Swift, or Voltaire, the Rabelais, or Heine of his time; and he has enough in common with each to suggest, if not fully to justify, the comparison. Far more aptly he may be likened to our own Mark Twain, who would recognize in him a fellow-craftsman of similar gifts, tastes, and sympathies. He had the same rollicking humor that distinguishes the author of *Huckleberry Finn*, *Tom Sawyer*, and *Innocents Abroad*.

Lucian was a man of wide knowledge of the world about him, a shrewd and penetrating observer, skillful in the delineation of character and of rare dramatic power. He had a fertile imagination and a poetic temperament, with a ready command of the resources of Greek literature and mythologic lore. Moreover, he was endowed with gifts of wit and satire seldom equalled in literature, with which he smote the shams and follies of his own day. And, withal, he was a man of independence and moral courage. Here was a conjunction of qualities that would bring him distinction in the literature of any age.

After Lucian's death near the end of the second century, his writings, like many "best-sellers" of to-day, seem to have passed for a time into a partial eclipse. Such writers as refer to him at all scarcely more than mention his name with a few of his works. Because of his mordant assaults upon the Pagan Olympus, pagan writers studiously ignored him, or heaped upon him opprobrium and detraction. They naturally entertained no friendly feeling toward one in whose writings their adversaries had found an arsenal of weapons. The early Christian writers, though repelled by his agnostic tendencies, were glad to avail themselves of the ammunition he had placed in their hands with which to attack the system of paganism. In the Middle Ages Christianity, now become the arbiter of pagan reputations, regarded him

with aversion as an Epicurean — though in reality he had no sympathy with that school of thought — and as an unbeliever who it was mistakenly charged had spoken irreverently of “The Faith.” At the same time it approved the satirist who had turned the Olympian gods into derision; and it accepted with favor certain sentiments of the moralist, especially his habit of estimating the good things of this life from the point-of-view of death. In like manner the Byzantine Scholiasts studied his works and sought to profit by whatever excellences they found in them, although, taking counsel of prejudice and misconception, they described him as an atheist, a blasphemer, and an apostate from Christianity. That his writings were even at that time much read and admired is attested by the imitations that have come down to us.

It is a remarkable testimony to the vitality of Lucian’s work that substantially all of his writings—at least all of any importance—survived the thousand years known as the Dark Age and the Age of Feudalism, when Greek studies reached the lowest ebb of neglect. The wider influence of Lucian dates from the Renaissance with its intense enthusiasm for Greek learning. It was then that he began to receive a juster and more generous appreciation. Not a few writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were indebted to him; and he has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, notably into English, French, and German.

## II

Quite as much as the composition of an original work, translation from one language into another is itself an art, subject to certain canons of its own. The quality of a translation depends upon the translator’s theory of rendition and the method he adopts.

There are three types, or methods: First, the literal or word-for-word version, in which the translator endeavors to reproduce the meaning of every word of the original. Its idioms are many of them transferred bodily into the new language, or are so little disguised as to remind one continually that the work is a translation. It should be recognized, however, that it is not

always the highest praise to say of a translation that its form conveys no suggestion of the language from which it was made. A dash now and then of the "foreign accent" will often add to its charm, opening a window, as it were, through which the reader catches a nearer glimpse of the author himself.

The second type, or method, is the free rendering, in which freedom is often carried so far as to make of the translation not much more than a paraphrase of the original. Unless managed with special care and skill a free rendering is in danger of losing the native strength and vigor of the original and becomes a weak dilution. On the other hand it may be spirited and in good English and yet fail to give a full and exact transcript of the thought. Now something is added, now omitted. Or it gives a new turn to the thought not intended by the original author, even sometimes substituting a quite different idea, making him say things that were not in his mind. A free rendering, or a paraphrase, is hardly fair to the author translated, to his thought or to his style, nor to the reader himself, who is left to imagine that he has been faithfully introduced to the writer it professes to interpret.

In the third method the translator seeks first of all to cultivate a sympathetic acquaintance with the personality of his author, to place himself, so far as possible, at his point of view, and, so to speak, to breathe his mental and spiritual atmosphere. Next, it is a matter of conscience with him to transfer the entire thought of the original text, its finer shadings, as well as broad outlines. He will follow closely the rhetorical form and sequence of the thoughts so as to preserve their cumulative effect, neither adding to nor subtracting from the meaning, nor substituting an idea of his own for that of the author himself. Not, however, with obtrusive, meticulous literalness, for he will strive to make the translation so idiomatic that it shall wear the semblance almost of an original work in the new language, as if to the manner born. At the same time he will seek to retain the essential life and spirit, the peculiar flavor and bouquet of the original.

This last method is especially necessary in translating such authors as Plato and Lucian. With them, as with Dickens, the difficulty is not so much in translating their thought, as in

translating those elusive, impalpable elements, summed up in the word "style." It is here that even the best renditions are apt to fall short of complete success. In the last analysis they give us something more or less different from the original author.

### III

Were Lucian now to make the return voyage in Charon's boat—he seems to have entertained a sincere regard for the rough old ferryman—he would, no doubt, feel highly complimented to find that few ancient authors have attracted so many translators—from Erasmus, who as a satirist of the monks and theologians, the superstition and ignorance of his own day, proved himself the heir of Lucian's spirit—to the latest translation now in course of publication in the *Loeb Classical Library*. Probably he would find none of them altogether to his mind. Perhaps he would be strongly tempted to hit off their defects in an Auction of Translators, with some modern Hermes as auctioneer, after the manner of his famous "Auction of Philosophers." In such a *jeu d'esprit* it is to be feared that some would bring only the paltry trifle for which Diogenes sold; some, perhaps, would prove quite unsalable, like Aristippus, Democritus, or Heraclitus; while here and there one would command a high figure with Aristotle or Socrates.

The earliest extant versions in English of any of Lucian's writings are those of Jasper Mayne and Francis Hicks, published jointly in 1664. Probably the first to attempt his entire works was Ferrand Spence, whose translation appeared in five volumes (London, 1684-85). It was hardly more than a paraphrase and occasioned the remark that "Spence was so cunning a translator, that a man must read the original in order to understand the version." The next version, a partial one published in 1711, was that of "Several Eminent Hands," who secluded their eminency behind the poet John Dryden, the writer of the introduction. Their eminence did not insure them against numerous inaccuracies, though now and then the translation catches something of the spirit of the original. A few selections appeared in the works of Walter Moyle (1727). During the years 1774-98 John Carr

published his version in five volumes. It was not a work of sufficient merit to bear comparison with the translation in four volumes made about the same time (1781) by Doctor Thomas Francklin, sometime professor of Greek at the English Cambridge. In 1820 William Tooke brought out his in two volumes. Though based upon the admirable German version by the poet Wieland (six volumes, 1788-89), Tooke's work failed to exploit the valuable features of Wieland and abounds in inaccuracies, while its characteristic manner and tone misrepresent the real spirit of the original.

Of all these renderings Doctor Francklin's is by far the best and is in some respects of a high order. For a hundred years it remained the standard version. Francklin belongs to the second or free type of translator. His English is generally clear, dignified, and well chosen, but the version is not now regarded as an accurate translation in any strict sense of the term. It has many of the common faults of the free method of interpretation.

#### IV

After an interruption of nearly three quarters of a century there has come within the last thirty years a new renaissance of Lucianic translation, due in part, perhaps, to the fact that colleges have recognized Lucian in their Greek courses, which formerly were confined to authors of the Classical Period only. Four small volumes have appeared, all of them scholarly and of creditable workmanship, but none of them of distinguished merit. The volume (New York, 1892) by Miss Emily James Smith contains nine titles, five of which represent some of Lucian's best work, including *A True History*, *The Cock*, *Zeus the Tragedian*, and *The Sale of Lives*. Two of the nine pieces, *Lucius or the Ass*, and *The Halcyon*, are of rather slight consequence; and the best editors regard them as of very doubtful authenticity. The translation follows closely the thought of the original, but not too literally, and is uniformly couched in unaffected, readable English, but lacks much of Lucian's animation of style and flow of spirits.

Of much the same type and the same general characteristics is the attractive volume by Sidney T. Irwin (London, 1894),

comprising six titles, three of them, *Icaromenippus*, *The Cock*, and *The Parasite*, among Lucian's more important writings, with *The Ship or The Wishes*, *The Lover of Falsehood* and *Nigrinus*, of lesser interest. Mr. Irwin's Introduction is especially well conceived. In it he justifies his contribution to the already numerous translations of Lucian in the words of Diogenes (quoted from Lucian's *How to Write History*) as he rolled his tub up and down during the bustle of preparation for the Corinthian War — "I thought it a pity, where so many were busily employed, even to seem to be inactive." Mr. Irwin's rendition is agreeable in style and retains something of the vivacity and spirit of the original.

Lucian has attracted another lady translator, Miss Augusta M. Campbell Davidson, who published a small volume (London, 1901) containing seven selections: *The Sale of Lives*, *Concerning Paid Companions*, *Zeus the Tragedian*, *Hermotimus on the Sects*, *The True History*, *Alexander the False Prophet*, and *The Orator's Guide*,—the last, one of the least interesting and valuable of Lucian's writings. Miss Davidson's version bears the marks of the genuine scholar; but the English style is inclined to be somewhat stiff and prim, especially noticeable in contrast with Lucian's ease and exuberant life.

In the *Bohn Classical Series*, that guide, philosopher, and friend to so many generations of college students, there is a minor version of Lucian by Mr. Howard Williams (London, 1903). According to their main intent most of Lucian's writings may be roughly classified as Satires upon the Pagan Olympus; upon the Philosophers; and upon Human Life and Society. Mr. Williams's selections belong almost exclusively to the first of these groups, or the so-called "theological" dialogues, and include *The Dialogues of the Gods* and of *The Sea Gods*, *The Dialogues of the Dead*, *Zeus the Tragedian*, *The Convicted Zeus*, *The Convention of the Gods*, *The Ferry-boat*, and *Menippus, or the Oracle of the Dead*. The titles represent but one phase of Lucian's work, and that, perhaps, of least interest to the modern reader. The translator's method, as frankly set forth in the preface, is "to adhere as closely to the original, as essential differences of idiom allow," without aspiring "to represent



Lucian's peculiar graces of style." He disclaims any effort to make a "spirited" rendering, which he appears to regard as incompatible with strict fidelity to the original." This theory, or method, is exemplified in the translation. For the most part the formal meaning of the text is conveyed with clearness and accuracy. The style, however, lacks colloquial ease and a ready command of the lighter resources of language, without which the translator inevitably fails to reflect Lucian's play of fancy and spirit, or to make his buoyant personality live and breathe in the translation.

A more comprehensive version than these four small volumes is that which appeared under the title—*A Second Century Satirist, or Dialogues and Stories from Lucian of Samosata* (Philadelphia, 1901). It contains in one large volume forty of the eighty-two titles usually attributed to Lucian, including twelve of the more important and interesting of his longer stories, and twenty-eight of those unique *jeux d'esprit*, *The Dialogues of the Gods* and *The Dialogues of the Dead*. This version is an example of the third type or method of interpretation. It is literal, in the sense that it reproduces the author's thought with conscientious exactness. At the same time the style is idiomatic and vivacious. The translator has been at no little pains to preserve the life and warmth, the bouquet, of the original, halting not at the use of familiar, colloquial language when the text seemed to warrant it. It is difficult to hit just the right level of colloquial English suited to such a style as Lucian's without the risk of overstepping the mark. A translation will be judged largely by the skill with which the colloquial quality of the novelist is employed. It is in this particular that renditions of Lucian most frequently fail to reach the ideal standard. Here and there in this version the colloquial tone is, perhaps, somewhat overdone, a fault, however, in the right direction; but the liveliness of the style is uniformly maintained without resort to such doubtful devices. Preceding the translation there is a clear, practical, and notably complete study of Lucian, as man and author. Four pieces—*Charon or Seeing the Sights*, *Zeus in Heracles*, *Timon, the Misanthrope*, and *The Angler or the Resurrection*—are arranged in dramatic form, which adds to the graphic

effect of the translation. Full notes — too full, perhaps, but interesting and illuminating for the general reader — are placed at the foot of the page, where they ought to be, if they ought to be at all. The London *Saturday Review* said of this version as a whole: "It has all the attractiveness of an original work."

V

The only version published since about one hundred years ago, of all the eighty-two writings credited to Lucian, is that in four volumes by H. W. and F. G. Fowler (London, 1905). It is throughout a scholarly production and shows an easy command of well-phrased, fluent, and idiomatic English, with little to remind one that it is a translation. It marks a distinct advance upon all preceding versions of his complete works.

The translators follow in the main the second or more or less free method, falling into some of its incidental faults. Not that the version could be called a paraphrase, though at times it steers perilously near the border-line and even passes beyond, instead of travelling the plain highway staked off by the author's text. With all its prime excellences it has certain limitations. In the effort, apparently, to avoid a too literal version the translation not infrequently departs unnecessarily from the literal rendering, even when that gives the precise meaning in equally expressive and idiomatic English. Sometimes a part of the thought is left out; or something not warranted by the text is added; or even a new or derivative sense is substituted for the evident meaning. A striking characteristic of Lucian's style is its concrete realism. Ideas are expressed in concrete rather than abstract forms. This translation, however, replaces at times the realistic or concrete with a general and more or less abstract meaning, much to the loss of the graphic, vivid, and picturesque realism of the original.

Here is a simple illustration of the translators' methods as shown in the twenty-sixth *Dialogue of the Gods*. At a loss how to distinguish Castor and Pollux, Apollo asks Hermes to tell him. He then continues: "Why in the world are they never both with us at the same time, but each takes his turn at being a dead man and a god?" Hermes replies that "of their own free

will, out of brotherly love, they alternately share immortality between them." Then Apollo speaks: "Not a sensible arrangement, Hermes! Anyhow, in this way they will never see each other, the very thing, I fancy, they desired most. Why! how could they, when one is with the gods and the other with the dead?" Here we have the precise thoughts of the original in their normal order, closing with the rhetorical question, which Lucian often introduces for the sake of emphasis and animation. Contrast with this the Fowlers' rendering: "Rather a stupid way of doing it! If one of them is to be in heaven, whilst the other is underground, they will never see one another at all; and I suppose that is just what they wanted to do." Certainly a weaker rendering, disregarding, as it does, the textual order of the thought and omitting the rhetorical question, which adds to the force and sprightliness of Apollo's remarks. Then calling attention to the fact that the gods in general practise some useful profession, Apollo proceeds to inquire (according to the Fowlers' version), "Now what are these two going to do? Surely, two such great fellows are not to have a lazy time of it?" But this is what the text puts into Apollo's mouth: "Now what shall these do for us? Are they to live without labor and fare sumptuously—such powerful fellows, too?"—Lucian's concrete way of expressing himself, which the translator paraphrases into "have a lazy time of it." Note also the stronger rhetorical effect produced by placing "such powerful fellows" last, as in the original text. Apollo ends the dialogue with the remark: "You say life-saving is their profession. What a noble one, Hermes!"—a rendering not only true to the text, but more expressive than the translators' paraphrase—"A most humane profession!" Nothing is gained and in general much is lost by not permitting Lucian to tell his story in his own way. He was a practiced rhetorician, which appears in the order in which he arranges and develops his thoughts, and in the rhetorical devices he employs to impart energy and life to his style. While giving, it may be, the essential meaning, this translation often misses the full rhetorical effect by neglecting to retain these devices, or to observe the order in which ideas are presented in the text. The translator of Lucian needs to be keenly sensitive to the rhetorical characteristics of

his style. With few exceptions his literary manners would find themselves quite at home in the language of to-day, he was so much of a modern.

Lucian's Greek is strictly "elegant," with few variations from the usage of the great masters, whom he had set before himself as his ideal. Yet he did not altogether eschew the familiar and colloquial. To this is due something of the naturalness and animation, which ally him with the novelist of to-day. His easy, unaffected style is best represented by a judicious use of informal, colloquial English. Most translators exercise undue restraint in this respect, through fear, perhaps, of being regarded as unscholarly, or of lowering the literary dignity of the translation. Lucian would have little patience with such considerations, though he was himself very much of a stylist. The colloquial is not to be confused with slang, as is often done; it is not coarse or low; nor is it necessarily incorrect or unliterary. Many colloquialisms have a recognized and legitimate standing in literary expression, especially in the novel and in the literature of wit, humor, and satire, of which Lucian and Mark Twain were master hands. In general the style of the Messrs. Fowler possesses an agreeable lightness of touch; and a quiet, restrained geniality pursues the even tenor of its way throughout. But their version would lose nothing, on the contrary it would gain much, in force, vivacity, and raciness, were the colloquial element more pronounced. It would in no way impair the literary finish of the work.

To some these various deductions may appear of trifling moment, mere specks upon the surface of what many would regard as an almost perfect fruit; but they are important enough to show that the version would measure up to a much higher level of execution under a somewhat different theory of translation. Excellent as it is in many important particulars and high as it ranks among its fellows, it might easily have given us a more faithful portraiture, indeed, as nearly as possible, the very image of the original.

## VI

The latest translation of Lucian's entire works is that now in course of publication as a part of the *Loeb Classical Library*.

It is to be in seven volumes, two of which have appeared within the last five years. This first instalment indicates sufficiently the characteristics of the translation, which is being made by Dr. Austin M. Harmon.

Imagine with what satisfaction — even delight — Lucian himself would find the translation in this edition face to face with his own Greek, for the reader to compare the two. For, however attractive superficially a translation may appear, no one is prepared to pass judgment upon its quality without first placing text and rendition side by side. "Ah!" Lucian would say, "now we have a hold upon our translator. There stands the inexorable text directly confronting him and ready on the spot to convict of errors, of omissions or commissions, of lapses into paraphrase, or of other faults to which an unwary translator is exposed. Now he will have to be on his good behavior and mind his P's and Q's. He will hardly have the assurance to try and palm off upon the reader a paraphrase, make me say things I never once thought of, or substitute his own manners for mine. Yes, he will have to study my features well before he paints them upon the canvas, else the critical reader will not recognize the portrait."

In general, Professor Harmon's version conforms to the principles outlined under the third type or method of translating. His aim, apparently, has been to give the meaning, the whole meaning and nothing but the meaning, the primary tenet of the true translator's creed. Comparison with the original shows that the translation seldom fails to meet this test. In this respect it is superior to the version of the Messrs. Fowler. Nor does it emasculate the author's meaning by lapsing every now and then into paraphrase.

Thorough search will discover hardly a single error of any importance. Not that the translation is free from an occasional mistake. Even that marvel of the translator's art—Dr. Jowett's Plato—few if any scholars would absolve altogether from flaws; few would say that in every instance he has caught Plato's precise meaning. It would be a marvel if he had. The wonder is that he has approached so near perfection.

Lucian is almost invariably lucid and perspicuous. To a contemporary Greek his meaning no doubt would always be clear.

But to us moderns there is now and then some difficulty in getting at his real meaning, because of the conciseness with which a thought is struck off, or because of some obscurity which would make more than one sense possible. It is not necessarily to be accounted an error if translators differ among themselves in rendering such a word or passage.

The translation now under consideration fulfils the first requisite — accuracy and exactness of interpretation. If this be supplemented by a finished literary style, the ease and fluent grace of the novelist, then we should have a rendition that would meet the two essential requirements of an adequate piece of work — faithfulness to the thought and perfection of literary form. In the latter respect this version falls somewhat short of supreme excellence. Although the style is in general attractive and felicitous, there is at times a certain lack of facility in handling the dialogue, as in the rapid fire of repartee in *The Philosophers for Sale*, where the methods of the practised novelist would impart greater ease, fluency, and naturalness to the converse of the various interlocutors. So also in *The Downward Journey*, one of the most powerfully dramatic of Lucian's writings. What "The Autocrat" told his fellow-guests at the breakfast table — "People should dovetail together like properly built mahogany furniture" — holds true of the interlocutions of the characters in a dialogue. While in general the translator's style preserves very well Lucian's characteristic tone, the *allégresse* or liveliness of the translation, and the mobility and spontaneity of the conversations would be helped by a larger use of the colloquial manner.

To translate Greek poetry in metrical form is confessedly a difficult task, calling for special skill. Neither the Messrs. Fowler nor Dr. Harmon can be called altogether happy in rendering Lucian's numerous poetical quotations and parodies. Their renditions are, many of them, rather labored, lacking more or less in smooth, rhythmical grace. Here is the Fowlers' translation of Hermes' proclamation summoning the gods together in *Zeus Tragædus*, or *Zeus Rants*, as Professor Harmon renders the title; better rendered, *Zeus in Tragic Rôle*, or *Zeus in Heroics*:—

"Let ne'er a God (tum, tum), nor eke a Goddess,  
 Nor yet of Ocean's rivers one be wanting,  
 Nor nymphs ; but gather to great Zeus's council ;  
 And all that feast on glorious hecatombs,  
 Yea, middle and lower classes of Divinity,  
 Or nameless ones that snuff far fumes."

Place beside this Dr. Harmon's rendering:—

"Never a man of the gods bide away, nor ever a woman ;  
 Never a stream stay at home, save only the river of ocean ;  
 Never a nymph ; to the palace of Zeus you're to come in a body,  
 There to confer. I bid all, whether feasters on hecatombs famous,  
 Whether the class you belong to be middle or lowest, or even  
 Nameless you sit beside altars that yield ye no savoury odors."

This is better and more rhythmical than the Fowlers' rendition. Though somewhat diffuse, it is not unsuccessful as an attempt to reproduce the hexameters of the original, a difficult metre, as yet hardly acclimated in English verse. May we venture to offer a third rendering?—

Ho ! All ye gods, female and male alike,  
 And all ye streams, save Ocean's circling tide !  
 Let no one stay his gait ! Nor any nymph !  
 But hie to hall of Zeus and council board !  
 Come all who feast on splendid hecatombs ;  
 And ye, who midmost sit, or farthest back,  
 Or nameless dwell by fragrant altars' side !

In the same selection Hermagoras, a famous statue of Hermes in the market-place at Athens, is represented as coming in hot haste with news for Zeus from the scene of strife between Damis and Timocles. In reply to the request of Zeus for the latest news Hermagoras drops into iambics, which Professor Harmon renders as follows:—

"It fell just now that they who work in bronze  
 Had smeared me o'er with pitch on breast and back ;  
 A funny corslet round my body hung,  
 Conformed by imitative cleverness  
 To take the full impression of the bronze.  
 I saw a crowd advancing with a pair  
 Of sallow bawlers, warriors with words,  
 Hight Damis, one——"

Here is the Fowlers' rendering of the same passage:—

"It chanced of late that by the statuaries  
 My breast and back were plastered o'er with pitch.

A mock cuirass tight-clinging hung, to ape  
My bronze, and take the seal of its impression.  
Sparring amain, vociferating logic ;  
'Twas Damis and——"

Will it be presumptuous to suggest the following alternative rendering?—

I chanced just now, by the workers in bronze, to be daubed  
With pitch before and behind ; a coat of mail—  
Oh how I laughed !—around my body framed,  
To its place was raised, and caught with mimic art  
The perfect imprint of the bronze. Just then  
I see a crowd approach and fellows two  
Of pallid hue and strident voice ; and e'en  
As boxers fight, they spar with quibble and quirk.  
'Twas Damis and——

"Zeus (*interrupting*) : My dear Hermagoras, have done with your iambs ! I know whom you mean."

The five volumes of Dr. Harmon's version that remain to be published, will doubtless match the substantial scholarly qualities of the two already issued. When completed, his version will at least not suffer by comparison with the best of its predecessors. It will be a worthy compeer of any of its associates in the *Loeb Classical Library*.

Lucian's writings belong in the category of what have been called works of "style and vision," the literature of the spirit, including poets, dramatists, and orators, and the various forms of "polite literature." For the translator he presents the difficulty, peculiar to this class of writings as distinguished from historical works and works of knowledge, of reproducing his atmosphere, the characteristic aroma of his style. While the more recent versions are as a rule superior to those of a hundred and more years ago, probably it will be generally conceded that none of them is in all respects the ideal rendering. But when the finest Greek scholarship and a genius for literary appreciation and literary expression are yoked together in the same translator, may we not expect to have a translation that will measure up to the highest attainable standard and will be the definitive version, at least until the scholars of a later age shall try their hand to see if they can improve upon it?

WINTHROP DUDLEY SHELDON.

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